

Night Hunters

by Sprattfish33

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Summary: When a mysterious boy washes up on the shores of Berk, he is discovered to have knowledge on why Night Furies are so rare.

1. Chapter 1

Lighting flashed across the sky as the small ship heaved in the mamoth waves. close behind it, the larger ship loosed a barrage of arrows and boulders from it's crossbows and catapults. the smaller ship fled toward a spit of land jutting out of the ocean. the larger ship continued to pursue it through the sea stacks.

the smaller ship had the advantage of manueverability, but even that could not save it. soon the larger ship had pulled abreast with the smaller one. warriors in full armor began to swarm aboard the ship. soon after the ship exploded with unimaginable force. bodies were thrown for outrageous distances. short kilometers away, on the spit of land known as berk, a boy named Hiccup woke with a start.

The next morning, Hiccup told his father of the strange explosion he had heard over night. Stoick thought about it for a minute. "It certainly doesn't seem like your average clap of thunder, however, there isn't much we can do about it. if it was something other than a clap of thunder, we're more likely to have Gobber take a shower with glee than find out the cause of it now." Hiccup knew that well enough. he simply wanted to voice his concerns to his father so that he could keep an eye open. He pushed his thoughts aside and let loose a shrill whistle. Minutes later he was tackled from the side by his best friend. toothless grinned as he let Hiccup stand up. "Hey bud, wanna go for a spin around the island?" toothless warbled a yes and let Hiccup get on his saddle.

a few minutes later above the village, he was joined by the rest of the academy members. Astrid pulled away from the group and drew along side hiccup. "Hey, did you here that noise last night?" Hiccup responded: "yeah. Toothless nearly blasted the house to pieces before

I calmed him down."

Astrid was about to respond when Fishlegs yelled: "Hey! What's that down in the secluded beach?" After a few minutes of debate on whether or not it was interesting enough to look into, the group landed on the beach and began to search for what Fishlegs had seen.

fifteen minutes later, Toothless roared to the other riders and dragons and swung his head over to a spot on the beach. the group rushed over and was met with a big surprise.

"How did a this guy get hear?" Snotlout wondered aloud. Hiccup was wondering the same thing. "Hey!" Astrid called to the others. "I found something in the sand over here. It looks like... I pack, and a piece of a small ship!" Hiccup wandered over and opened the pack. inside was a set of finely crafted black armor, a leather case, a sword, two large knives, and a set of provisions.

"Whoever he is, he certainly had plenty packed. I don't even recognise this kind of armor". And there was good reason for that. the gauntlets had a large dome atop them as well as two small gaps in the domes. the bottom of the domes had a small hook shape coming out of it, almost like loop for holding keys. the fourth finger had a steel covering over the tip of it, while the thumb had a strange rock plating on the tip.

at that precise moment, they entire gang was given a big surprise. The boy coughed several times, and then began to try to push himself up, before collapsing again, holding his side. Hiccup rushed over and took a look at it, and whistled. there was a large black blotch on the boy's side, appearing to be a mixture of bruises and burns. meanwhile, Astrid inspected the fragment of the ship and came to the realization:

" This ship was blown up by the looks of things."

" How can you tell?" asked Snotlout.

"The sides of the wood are charred and splintered. the charring would have been caused by the intense heat of the explosion, while the splintering would have been caused by the force of impact."

"That would certainly explain why this guy likes like he was hit in the side by a beserker with a flaming club, but it still doesn't explain why he's washed up here. although it would explain the sound we heard last night."

"lets get him back to the village. that way we can ensure that he heals up, and we can ask him what happened. bring that wood fragment too. we can show it to my dad as proof."

A week later...

_ "Groan, what happened? last I remember was the travelling aboard the Night Walker, that storm, and then the... The Night Hunters! How did they find me?! Well I guess that doesn't matter now. I remember them launching projectiles at the Night Walker, reaching those sea stacks, the boarding party, and then the emergency explosives being set off. I remember jumping off the ship with my kit, grabbing that fragment of the ship, and then nothing. Wait a minute! where am I?!"

Hiccup nearly fell out of his chair when the boy suddenly shot upright almost instantaneously.

"For the love of Thor, don't scare me like that!" exclaimed hiccup. The boy quickly turned to face Hiccup as soon as he heard his voice.

"My apologies. I'm a tad bit jumpy after that explosion. Now would you be so kind as to tell me where I am?"

"your on Berk" another voice said. The boy turned to face the newcomer. He was a heavy set man with a sword on his belt, he had a bushy red beard and a helmet with large horns protruding from the sides.

"My name is Stoick the Vast, Chief of Berk. Me and Hiccup have spent the better part of the week waiting here for you to wake up and tell us what happened to you."

as the boy began to answer, a large black shape bounded down from the rafters.

"Toothless!" Hiccup exclaimed. "your going to give him a heart attack!"

"A Night Fury? Well this is certainly a first for me."

"You seem to be taking this awfully calm for someone who's side looks like it was struck by lightning."

I may has well have been, the boy thought. I owe them the truth. but if they find out I'm still alive, they might enter the village to look for me. I can't afford to put them in that danger._

"I'm sorry to dissapoint you, but the knowledge of what happened aboard the ship is best left unkown. I am only doing this for your own good. don't ask any more questions, for the answers could well mean the end of the lives of your entire village."

The boy let that sink in. He had to be blunt with them. otherwise there would be trouble. big trouble.

"Did you find my pack by any chance?"

Hiccup remembered the pack with the armor, weapons, and food.

"Oh right. I think this is what your talking about." He held up the pack for the boy to examine.

"Yeah, thats mine alright. can I have it back?"

Stoick nodded. the boy collected his pack, then said to Hiccup:

"There are people out there who have seen Night Furies, and are out to exterminate them. They might be heading this way. If you see a ship with a sword on the sail, get that Night Fury out of sight. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta go."

Hiccup shook his head. " you should at least recover a little more. your still wounded badly."

The boy looked exasperatedly at him.

"can't I at least get up and stretch my legs? I'm going to go crazy if I have to stay cooped up in here."

Hiccup thought about it.

"I guess so. I can understand wanting to get out and about. why don't I take you to the academy?"

the boy nodded. then closed his eyes and dozed off.

The next day...

"Welcome to the Berk Dragon Academy!"

The boy was thankful to see daylight once again. The group in the arena examined him. The boy's eyes darted from one person to the next, carefully taking in his surroundings. He knew that he wasn't in any immediate danger, but his instincts were always working. that way, he was never caught by surprise.

Snotlout eyed the kid that Hiccup had brought into the academy with a evaluators eye. He was a fighter at heart, so he always looked into new people on the island, wondering how they would perform with weapons, and other combat related subjects. He noticed how the boy kept an eye on all of them. quickly flicking from person to another. This was a warriors instinct. and he suspected it had been put to good use.

"Well then, lets get started!" hiccup called out. the training went on throughout the whole day. it was dusk by the end of it. as the boy was walking back to the village, he noticed something on the horizon. He pulled out the spyglass that the riders had been using for training and took a look at the thing he saw.

His blood froze. The object was a ship. a ship with sword sewn into the sail.

"Hiccup!" the boy yelled as he tore down the hill at inhuman speed, running for the chief's house. He burst through the door and ran up the stairs in record time.

"Hiccup, they're here! get Toothless and GO! NOW!"

Hiccup froze for a moment, then Whistled for Toothless, while the boy ran for his pack. in minutes, he had donned the black armor and belted his sword to his back, and his knives to his waist. he opened the leather case to reveal a fine handcrafted bow and two quivers of arrows. with that, he bolted out side and ran for the top of the scaffolding leading down to the docks.

Meanwhile, Toothless and Hiccup had fled to a cave on the mountain ranges of Berk. the boy told Stoick where Hiccup was going, and settled into a shadowy corner where no one would see him. remaining virtually still and and unseen was a talent of his. probably one of the greatest ones he had delevoped in that damned fortress.

The ship pulled into dock, and Stoick greeted the captain of the ship.

"May I ask who it is who has come to the shores of Berk?" Stoick asked.

"We are in pursuit of a man accused of treason against the chief of our tribe. We pursued him for a while, then lost him. It is our belief that he is hidden somewhere on this island. we would like to restock our supplies, and search the island for him.

"why didn't you do this earlier in the day? seems strange that you would enter port during the evening."

The captain responded: "we only spotted your island short hours before sundown. we were low on supplies and needed to restock as soon as possible, considering our food reserves are almost non-existant by this point".

Stoick did not notice however, that one of the crew had slipped away from the others and was climbing the cliff like a spider. once they reached the top, they darted into the village and hid between two houses. short seconds later, a hand covered their mouth and a blade emerged from their chest. the boy withdrew the blade and unslung his bow. He couldn't believe how careless they were! if they had sent someone to ambush him, they would have informed him to make sure that they were safe. this one was obviously far to confident.

he turned on the spot and shot an arrow clean through the neck of another hidden assassin.

This is just plain insulting. these guys are no more than target practice by this point. Either they don't care about the crew, or they are just flat out stupid. And to think that they actually thought that the guy behind me was good at their standard of stealth . It's so pathetic, it hurts.

The boy stopped dead, turned around, and threw a punch at the unsuspected victim. as he did so, a knife blade emerged from the gap in the dome, cutting his head clean from his shoulders.

This has gone on far enough. I better get down to ship and take care of the crew before he realizes that his men are dead.

Silent as night, the boy climbed down the sheer cliff head first as quietly as possible, before throwing the hook and cable on the bottom of the gauntlets to the ship's mast. he swung by and landed invisibly atop the mast. shimmying down the mast, he snapped his fourth finger and his thumb next to the base of the mast. sparks flew off his fingers, connecting with mast setting it alight. he silently crept back to the cliff with his cable and swarmed up the wall before anyone could notice.

in minutes, the ship was burning to a crisp. the crew was dead save one. the captain, who was on shore, cared little about his ship. his priority was the boy. Stepping out of the shadows, the boy confronted him.

"At last you step into the light Spectre. The master is most...

Displeased with your betrayal."

You know that I was drafted into that monster of an organization without being told it's true purpose. The only betrayal here is be the organization to me. I made my choice not to kill the Night Fury because I know that your group kills Night Furies simply because they are Night Furies. There is a difference between vengeance and slaughter."

And with those words, the two black clad warriors fought. The captain using a halberd, the boy using his sword. the clanging din of metal striking metal rang through the village for hours before it ended as it eventually had to. the Captain made a wild swing which was side stepped before having the blade of the boy stabbed through his heart. the master died slowly, and without mercy.

"The outright murder of Night Furies is wrong. And as long as I may live, I shall contiue to fight your damned cult."

And with that, the morning sun broke. Toothless and Hiccup flew back into the village, and was filled in on what had transpired.

One Month Later...

"Hiccup, I need to have a word with you and the other riders. It's a matter of great urgence."

Fifteen minutes later, the riders were all assembled at the academy. everyone kept ask what the "matter of great urgence" was, but it was not until everyone was here that he began talking.

"I told you all a month ago what was happening out in the world. They know that I was here. they'll be back, and they will kill every single person on Berk once they have what they want. your all skilled at riding your dragons, and your own respective forms of combat. however, these people far outrank you in fighting prowess and they are trained to kill Night Furies at any cost. I can't defend you all from that army. but I can help you obtain the neccesary skills to defeat them".

Snotlout was not very happy with that speech at all.

"Do you seriously beleive that those clowns in black armor stand a chance against the Snot Man?! you really haven't been paying attention around here!"

"Is that so..." replied the boy evenly.

"why not prove it?"

Snotlout charged at him full force. he threw a punch powerful enough to break a shield. the boy simply ducked under the punched, rolled, then sprung up and spun a terrific round house kick to the base of Snotlouts skull. Snotlout collapsed to the ground, got up, and began rubbing his head.

"Point taken" Snotlout groaned.

Satisfied He had gotten through, he adressed the group once more.

"I told you my tale from that damned fortress. I've made you aware of what you are up against. I wish to help you. but the only option is for me to teach you the skills that I have been taught. Will you except my offer?

One by one, the riders accepted the offer.

"Well then... I need you awake tomorrow at the crack of dawn. we start training.

End of chapter 1

I never intended to post this series in the first place. It was merely practice and fun.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Hiccup Dragged himself up the stairs to his loft. He had never felt so exhausted in his life. He had known that the regimin was going to be hard, but this had far exceeded his expectations.

"I really had no idea that there were so many muscles in a body that could hurt so much" hiccup said aloud.

The last few days had been filled with enough sweat to create an ocean. on monday, him and the other riders had gotten up at the crack of dawn and walked to the arena. not flown on thier dragons like usual, but walked. the boy called Spectre said that walking would help wake them up for training. Snotlout had ignored this and flown on Hookfang to the arena. When they arrived he had a smug look on his face. that was quickly dispelled when he tossed them each a sack of heavy objects and told them to run all the way down to the village with them on their backs. after the first quarter of the run, Snotlout fell face first into a mud puddle. once they had reached the village, Spectre told them to take off the packs and open them up.

In Astrid's pack, there was a battleaxe and two knives. In Snotlout's pack, there was a heavy broadsword and two knives. In Fishlegs' pack, there was a collapsable war hammer, and two knives. In Tuffnut's pack, there was a collapsable trident and two knives. In Ruffnut's pack, there was a collapsable spear and two knives. In Hiccups pack, there was a strange looking sword, and two knives.

"why do we all have two knives in our pack? it seems impractical" Hiccup observed.

"Look a little closer at them. see if you can spot any differences"

Hiccup looked a little closer and saw what Spectre was talking about. the knives where serrated and curved back into a hook.

"these knives are designed to be used for as many purposes as possible. they are serrated for cutting meat that you might need to slice for a meal, tough and long enough for combat, and curved to act as climbing sickles."

"Why do we need these in the first place?" Astrid asked. "We're already able to use the larger weapons to handle any situation that may arise"

Spectre held up a hand to forestall more questions from the rest of the group.

"You need them because we are going to be living in the wilderness for the next two months, and you will be going in there with only these weapons. oh and you can't fly on your dragons during the two months we are out there. you have to learn how to work as a unit. and in addition to that, you have to learn how to better operate without the help of your dragons. they are going with just for morale support. they cannot help you in any way shape or form."

Snotlout looked very put out by this.

"Are you seriously saying that Hookfang isn't allowed to help me? Thats just no right!"

Spectre gave him a shrewd look. "You are too reliant on Hookfang to get you out of these hazardous situations. You need to learn to rely on the other riders, and yourself. I'm going with you, but I will not be pulling anyone else's weight"

"However, we will be doing some training before we head out. I already scouted out where we will be starting off. I did a little bit of sailing recently, and found an island that is completely uninhabited by humans. but there are plenty of boar, dragons, and other creatures that would like to rip us limb from limb. We are going to survive there for two months or more. By that point we will sail back to berk."

And so it had begun. It became quickly obvious how Spectre had acquired his superhuman abilities. They regimen was built to make sure that every single part of your body hurt by the end of it. after an hour of various exercises, Spectre hung six heavy bags of grain from the ceiling of the arena. He then had them start punching and kicking them in quick succession. after a while, he had them begin to perform certain punches and kicks as well as certain combinations of strikes. Afterwards, he drilled them with the weapons he had given them. He showed them how every weapon came with its own unique fighting style that could be changed to the wielders comfort. He started with Tuffnut, showing them how the end of a trident/spear could be just as effective as the sharp end. He also showed Snotlout various methods of using his sword to find weak spots in a sword, as well as how mastery of a sword was the blade becoming almost and extention of his arm. Astrid was shown some unique strategies for using the axe as a shield as well as disarming an opponent. Finally, he showed Fishlegs how to use the war hammer for defensive purposes, as well as recovering from a vertical strike.

The next day, he had them simply jump into a pool of heated water, then jumping into an ice water pool. then, he had them shoot target with bows of 15 kilo draw weight to start. then he gave them the rest of the day off saying: "if you don't give your muscles enough time to recover, they will give out on you"

After ten days of hard work, Spectre had them pack the weapons they

had been provided with. then, they sailed to the island Spectre had marked on the map.

"Now then" Spectre said in a pleased tone. "Lets get started"

End of chapter 2

Okay, This was shorter than the first chapter, but this was something I worked on for kicks. like I said before, I had no intention of posting this series in the first place.

3. Chapter 3

The group had been on the island for several hours now, trying to decide on what to do first. Snotlout said eat, but Hiccup and Astrid said shelter. Ruffnut and Tuffnut were busy hitting eachother with sticks.

"We didn't have breakfast this morning because of the rush! We should eat first!"

Hiccup looked frustratedly at Snotlout.

"The only reason we didn't eat was because you slept in! It's on your head! If we're going to survive out here, we need a place to lie low!"

Astrid nodded.

"He's right. We have to get a shelter or shelters built."

Spectre watched the group.

Hopefully they'll be able to pull together soon, otherwise they won't last.

Then Spectre noticed something out of the corner of his eye.

"Boar!"

Everyone turned to see a pack of large, angry boar emerging from the foliage. Spectre drew his bow, and nocked an arrow. Astrid drew his sword, and Astrid reached back for her axe. Fishlegs started backing up. The twins didn't even notice. Snotlout looked in glee at the boars.

"Finally! looks like we get meat after all!"

He drew his sword and ran at them. Every single boar homed in on him, and attacked. Astrid and Hiccup ran forward and began to cut down the boar before they could harm him. Spectre in the meantime, was putting arrows through the eyes of every single boar he shot at. He shot and grabbed an arrow in one fluid motion. Soon, the remaining boar fled into the forest. Snotlout was pretty bruised and battered, while everyone else was fine.

"Lesson one in the wilderness. Always use caution. Snotlout, you get those boar ready for cooking. Me and the others will start work on

shelter."

Snotlout took out the knives, and began to clean out the boar carcasses for cooking. Meanwhile, Hiccup and Astrid began searching the ground for a good spot to build a shelter. Spectre took a different approach. He put on his gauntlets, and threw a cable into the nearest tree. After he had scaled said tree, he began to leap from tree to tree.

"I found something!"

Astrid and Spectre quickly caught up with him. Hiccup had found a large clear lake, with plenty of open space surrounding it. As they investigated further, they found that there was an abundance of fish here.

"That sorts out food and water, and the space around would be great for shelter."

Spectre nodded.

"Indeed. Now, what kind of shelter would be most ideal?"

This question caught Hiccup off guard.

"What do you mean?"

Spectre shook his head.

"I mean, that the fact that there are wild animals on this island, ranging from boar, to snakes, to dragons. What kind off shelter should we make?"

Hiccup thought about it.

"Well, an elevated shelter would keep animals from getting in, and making an underground food storage will keep other animals from going after it."

Spectre clapped.

"Very good! Now, lets get the material!"

So, the group began to collect branches, fallen logs, vines, and other things like that. Fishlegs showed up with the twins and set about helping the group. They soon discovered that Fishlegs' hammer was useful for pounding logs into the ground to support the frame. Near the end of the day, everyone had constructed a shelter. Everyone except Snotlout that is. He showed up close to nightfall carrying the meat he had harvested from the boar carcasses.

"I got the meat! Lets get a fire... going... woah."

There were six structures made of wood, stone, and vines sitting around the lake. Everyone was busy creating a box to keep leftover food in.

"Lesson two. Shelter comes first."

Snotlout collapsed. He would be sleeping under the stars tonight it

seemed. Spectre had made a fire pit out of stones, and was busy getting it sparked up. After he had put the logs, and leafs in the pit, he held his hand in the fuel and snapped his fingers. The flint and steel on his fingers sparked, and soon, the fire was crackling.

"This will also discourage boars and other animals from coming nearby, although reptiles will be more interested than others."

Spectre turned to Snotlout.

"Did you bring the hides of the boar with you?

Snotlout nodded.

"Don't know why, but I did."

Spectre took the hides, and began to dry them by the fire. soon, they were clean. he then drew his knife and removed all the hair. After that, he cut them up, and stitched them together to form a sort of bag. He cut a small strip of skin to form a cord, and threaded it through the outside of the bag. He the proceeded to make several wooden stakes and feed them through loops of cord he had made.

"This will function as a pot of sorts. we dig a pit, fill this with water, and put heated stones in the water. that should bring it to a rolling boil. Then we can make a stew with the meat, and cook the remains on sharpened sticks."

Soon, the meat was done cooking. After carving bowls from small logs, they ate and talked.

"Why is this cult trying to exterminate Night Furies?"

Spectre set down his food, and eyed the flames.

"I don't know. My guess is that it started years back with vengeance, and evolved to this. They find children when they are young, and train them from the second they can walk. This is why you will not gain the level of abilities I have. I've been training since I could remember. The best I can do for you is allow you to anticipate what they will do, and perhaps defeat them."

Hiccup nodded. Then Fishlegs spoke up.

"When did you leave?"

Spectre gave a dry laugh.

"Escaped more like. As a right of passage into the cult, they put you in a ring like the one on your island, and have you fight and kill a Night Fury. Up to this point, I had no idea what the cult did. When I saw their true colors, I fought my way out, and demolished half their forces in the process. I fled to a nearby island and hid there for several weeks, before getting the ship I used to travel most of the way here."

The group listened to his tales of the past, how they taught him, and ultimately what they had become.

"The captain's armor was different than yours."

Spectre took out one of his gauntlets and began to turn it in his hands.

"They craft armor for the persons strong points. They made mine as modifiable as possible since I like to tinker. I made all these modifications myself."

He fit on the gauntlet, and clenched a fist. A knife blade shot out of the top. The gang looked at the blade. It was silver, with grooves lining the edge.

"The grooves are for if I want to add poison or some other special surprise to the knives. As for the loop on the bottom..."

Spectre looped his thumb through it, and pulled. It revealed itself to be a cable and hook.

"This hook is super durable, and very versatile. I'm talking ridiculously versatile. I can fish with it, climb with it, and pull some other nasty tricks."

The twins perked up.

"What kind of tricks?"

Spectre shook his head.

"Ask me when we're not eating."

The twins actually listened to this. Soon, everyone had finished their meal. Snotlout made a lean to near the edge of the clearing to spend the night. Once all of the extra food scraps were stored away, Everyone got into their shelters and went to sleep. All was well for now.

"You're sure of this?"

The figure bowed before the man sitting on the black throne.

"Yes my lord. My experience with him suggests that he will leave that island, but stay to watch over it."

The shadowed lord thought about it.

"Very well. Take a force of trackers and warriors to find him. Bring him back dead or alive."

The figure bowed again.

"Yes, my lord."

They turned and left. At long last, Spectre would be brought to justice.

End
file.